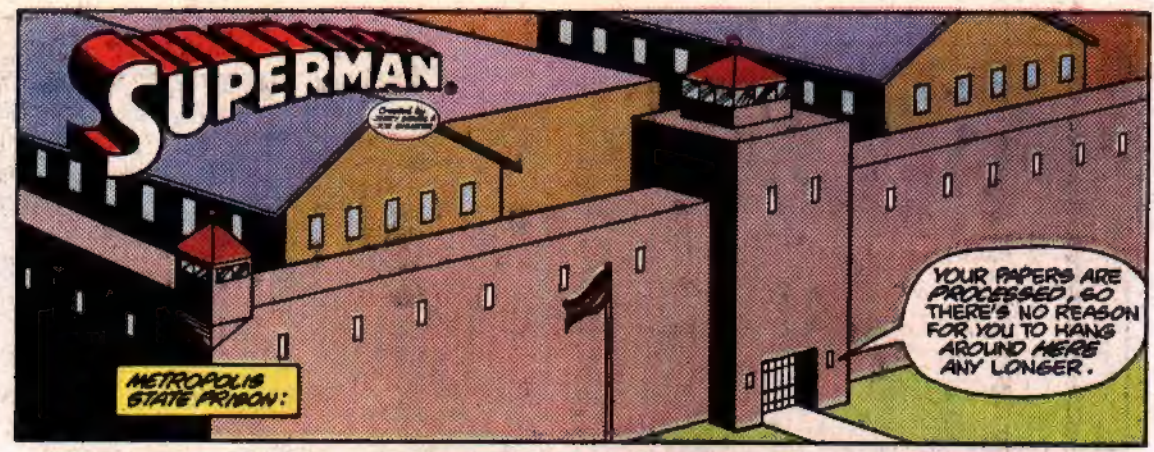
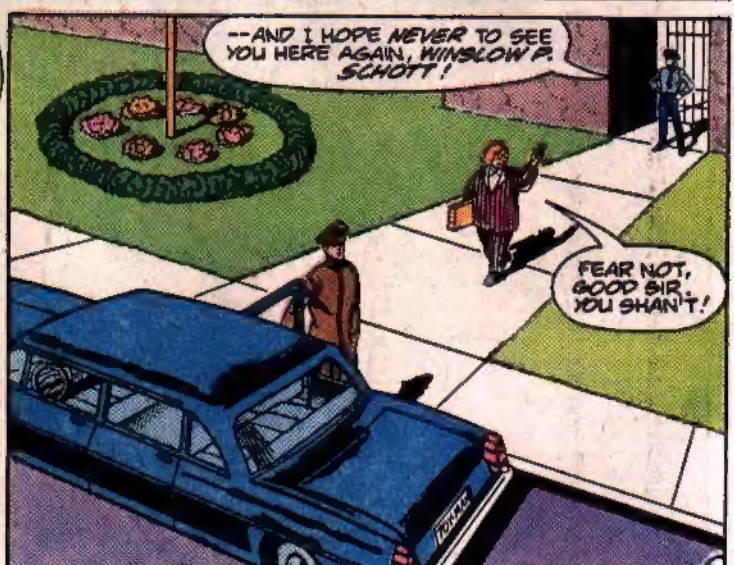
DC
SUPERMAN
STARRING IN
ACTION COMICS
561
75¢
CAN. 95¢
U.K. 30p
NOV. 84
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
THE TOYMAN DECLARES WAR ON SUPERMAN
THE NEW DC. THERE'S NO STOPPING US NOW.
EXTRA! ARTIST WAYNE BORING RETURNS WITH "THE PAST AND FUTURE SUPERMAN!"



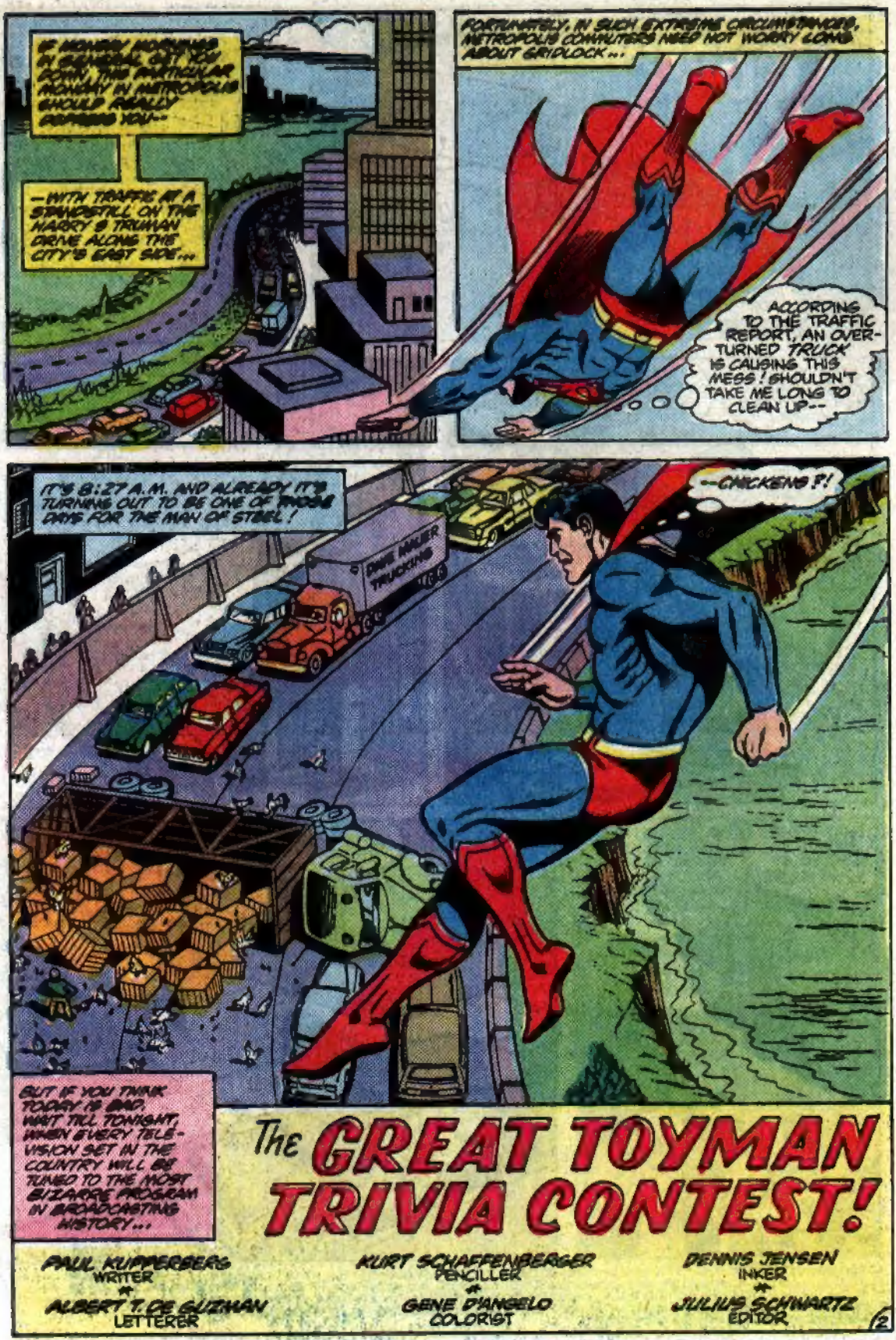
OPEN 'EM UP, CHARLIE. WE GOT ONE GOING HOME!
YOU'VE BEEN A GOOD PRISONER. I HOPE YOU'RE NOT THINKING OF ANYTHING THAT'LL GET YOU SENT BACK!
INDEED NOT, GOOD OFFICER GRANT!

THAT'S GOOD. A MAN OF YOUR BRAINS, YOU COULD GET A DECENT JOB. GO STRAIGHT!
MY SENTIMENTS EXACTLY, SIR! PRISON ISN'T EXACTLY THE NICEST PLACE TO IDLE AWAY ONE'S TIME!

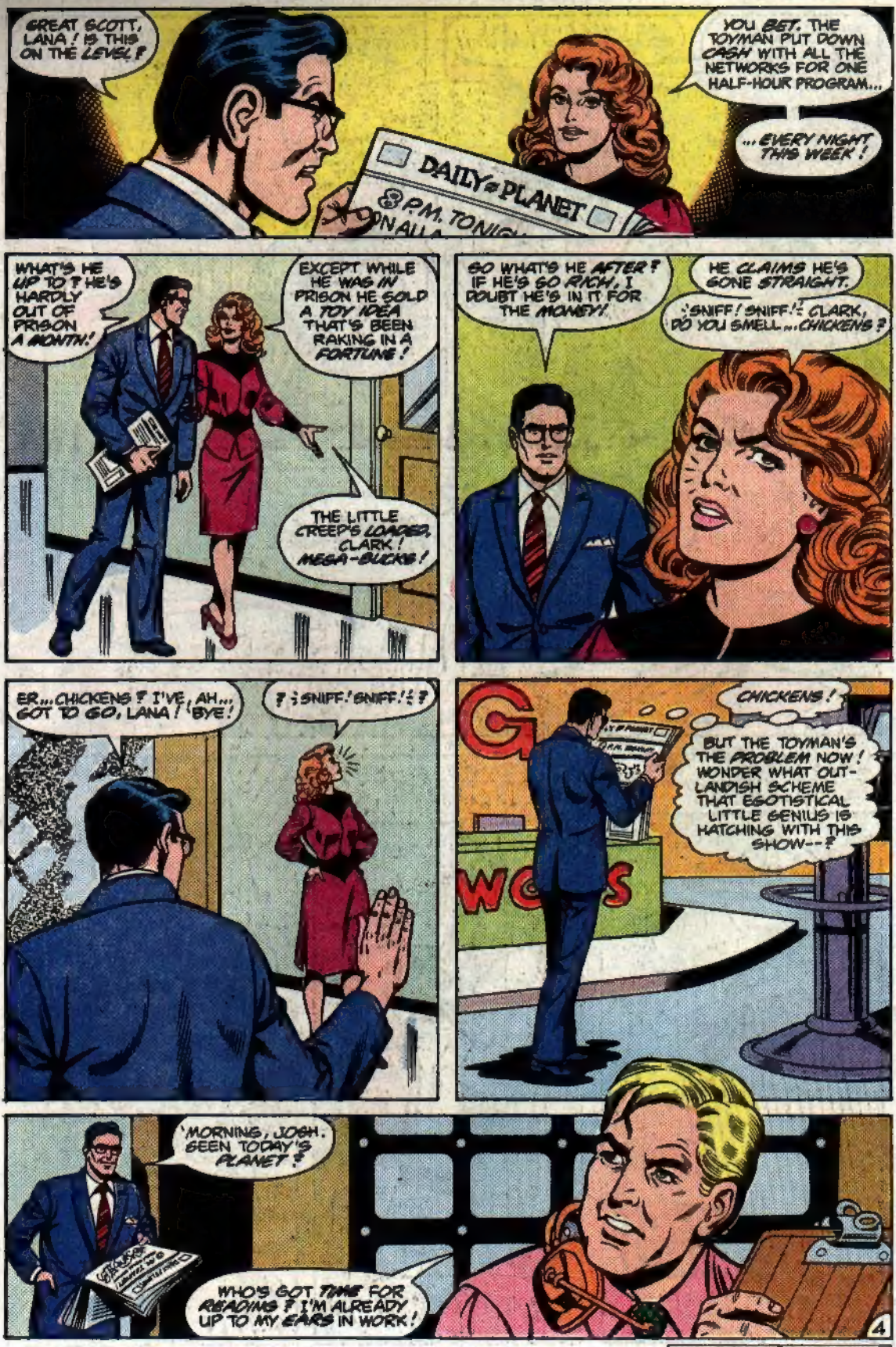
THAT'S THE SPIRIT! KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN!
ER...YES. ACTUALLY, YOU NEEDN'T WORRY YOURSELF ABOUT ME. I'VE ALREADY GOT A FINE JOB LINED UP!
THAT'S GOOD—



ACTION COMICS 561 (USPS 004-480) Published monthly by DC Comics Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10103. Second class postage paid at New York, NY and at additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to DC Comics Inc., Subscription Dept., PO Box 1306-F, Fort Lee, NJ 07024. Annual subscription rate $9.00. Outside USA $10.00. Copyright © 1984 DC Comics Inc. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional.
Printed in USA. Advertising Representative: Sanford Schwarz & Co., 355 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10017. (212) 391-1400.
DC Comics Inc. A Warner Communications Company

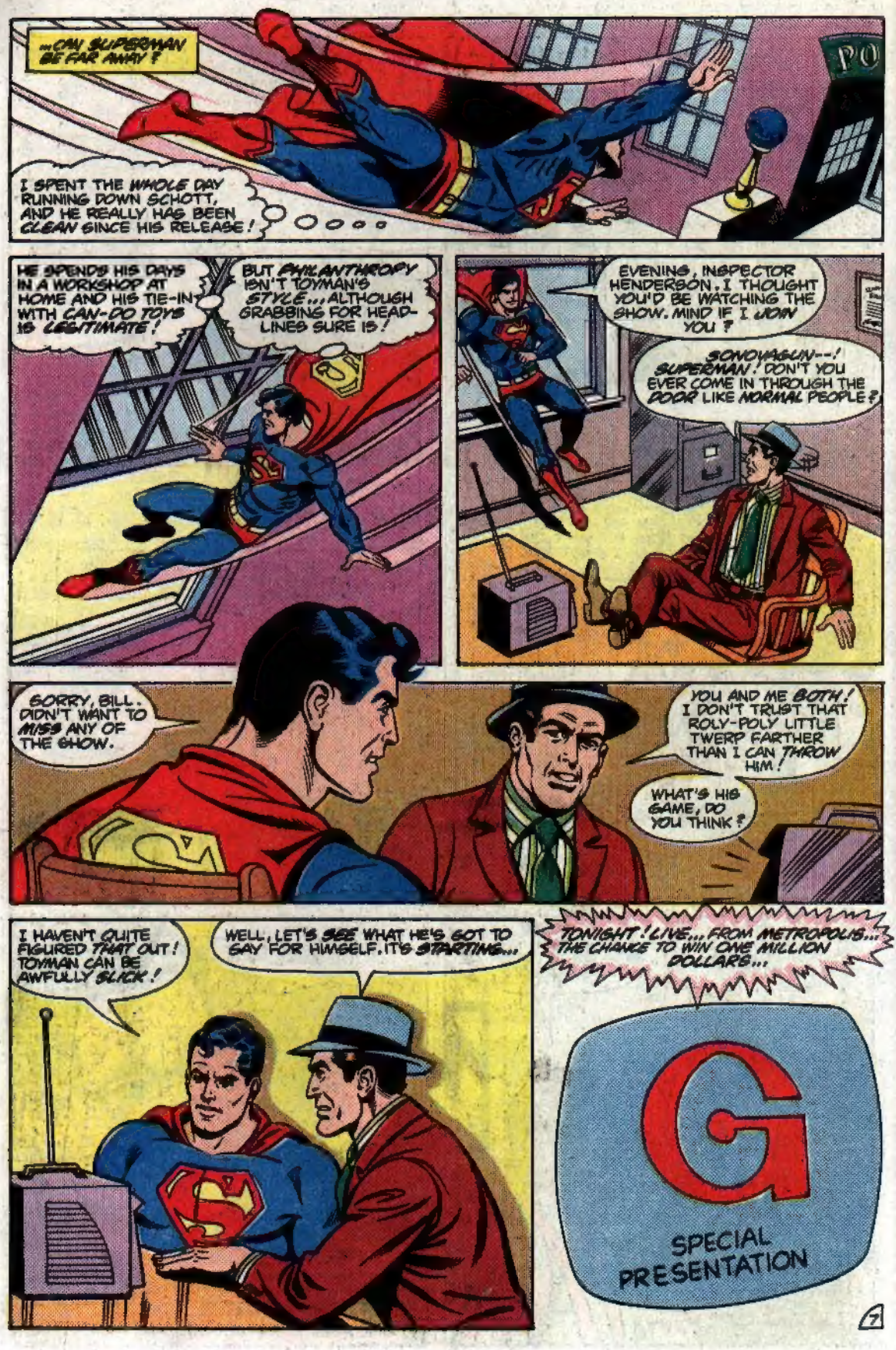

IF MONDAY MORNINGS IN GENERAL, OR YOU KNOW, THIS PARTICULAR MONDAY IN METROPOLIS SHOULD REALLY BOTHER YOU--
--WITH TRAFFIC AT A STANDSTILL ON THE HARRY S TRUMAN DRIVE ALONG THE CITY'S EAST SIDE...
FORTUNATELY, IN SUCH EXTREME CIRCUMSTANCES, METROPOLIS COMMUTERS NEED NOT WORRY LONG ABOUT GRIDLOCK...
ACCORDING TO THE TRAFFIC REPORT, AN OVER-TURNED TRUCK IS CAUSING THIS MESS! SHOULDN'T TAKE ME LONG TO CLEAN UP--
IT'S 8:27 A.M. AND ALREADY IT'S TURNING OUT TO BE ONE OF THOSE DAYS FOR THE MAN OF STEEL!
DAVE MAHER TRUCKING
--CHICKENS?!
BUT IF YOU THINK TODAY IS BAD, WAIT TILL TONIGHT, WHEN EVERY TELE-VISION SET IN THE COUNTRY WILL BE TUNED TO THE MOST BIZARRE PROGRAM IN BROADCASTING HISTORY...
The GREAT TOYMAN TRIVIA CONTEST!
PAUL KUPPERBERG WRITER
&
ALBERT T. DE GUZMAN LETTERER
KURT SCHAFFENBERGER PENCILLER
&
GENE D'ANGELO COLORIST
DENNIS JENSEN INKER
&
JULIUS SCHWARTZ EDITOR
12

SUPERMAN! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! MY CHICKENS... THEY'RE ALL LOOSE!
SO I SEE! WELL, I'LL ROUND THEM UP FOR YOU!
ER... HOW DO YOU SUGGEST I DO THAT, ANYWAY?
SCOOT AFTER 'EM AND GRAB 'EM, I GUESS—AT SUPER-SPEED!
NO GOOD! THEY'D PROBABLY ALL DIE OF FRIGHT FROM THE TRIP. WE'LL HAVE TO TRY SOME OTHER WAY.
CAN I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION, FOLKS? I'M GOING TO HAVE TO ASK FOR A LITTLE CIVIC COOPERATION FROM YOU ALL!
EACH ONE PICK OUT A CHICKEN AND--
AND SO, SEVERAL HUNDRED CHICKENS LATER, ELSEWHERE IN METROPOLIS...
WGBS
THERE YOU ARE, CLARK! HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MORNING'S DAILY PLANET?
GOOD MORNING, LANA. AND NO, I HAVEN'T HAD TIME YET. I WAS DELAYED BY A TRAFFIC JAM.
THEN YOU'RE DEFINITELY GOING TO WANT TO SEE THIS, LUV!
DAILY ePLA
8 P.M. TONIGHT! ON ALL MAJOR NETWORKS
"THE GREAT TOYMAN TRIVIA CONTEST!" TUNE IN AND FIND OUT HOW YOU CAN WIN $1,000,000! YOU'VE GOTTA WATCH IT TO WIN IT!
3


GREAT SCOTT, LANA! IS THIS ON THE LEVEL?
YOU BET. THE TOYMAN PUT DOWN CASH WITH ALL THE NETWORKS FOR ONE HALF-HOUR PROGRAM...
...EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK!
DAILY PLANET
WHAT'S HE UP TO? HE'S HARDLY OUT OF PRISON A MONTH!
EXCEPT WHILE HE WAS IN PRISON HE SOLD A TOY IDEA THAT'S BEEN RAKING IN A FORTUNE!
THE LITTLE CREEP'S LOADED, CLARK! MEGA-BUCKS!
SO WHAT'S HE AFTER? IF HE'S SO RICH, I DOUBT HE'S IN IT FOR THE MONEY!
HE CLAIMS HE'S GONE STRAIGHT.
SNIFF! SNIFF! CLARK, DO YOU SMELL... CHICKENS?
ER... CHICKENS? I'VE, AH... GOT TO GO, LANA! BYE!
?; SNIFF! SNIFF!; ?
CHICKENS!
BUT THE TOYMAN'S THE PROBLEM NOW! WONDER WHAT OUTLANDISH SCHEME THAT EGOTISTICAL LITTLE GENIUS IS HATCHING WITH THIS SHOW--?
'MORNING, JOSH. SEEN TODAY'S PLANET?
WHO'S GOT TIME FOR READING? I'M ALREADY UP TO MY EARS IN WORK!
4
CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING

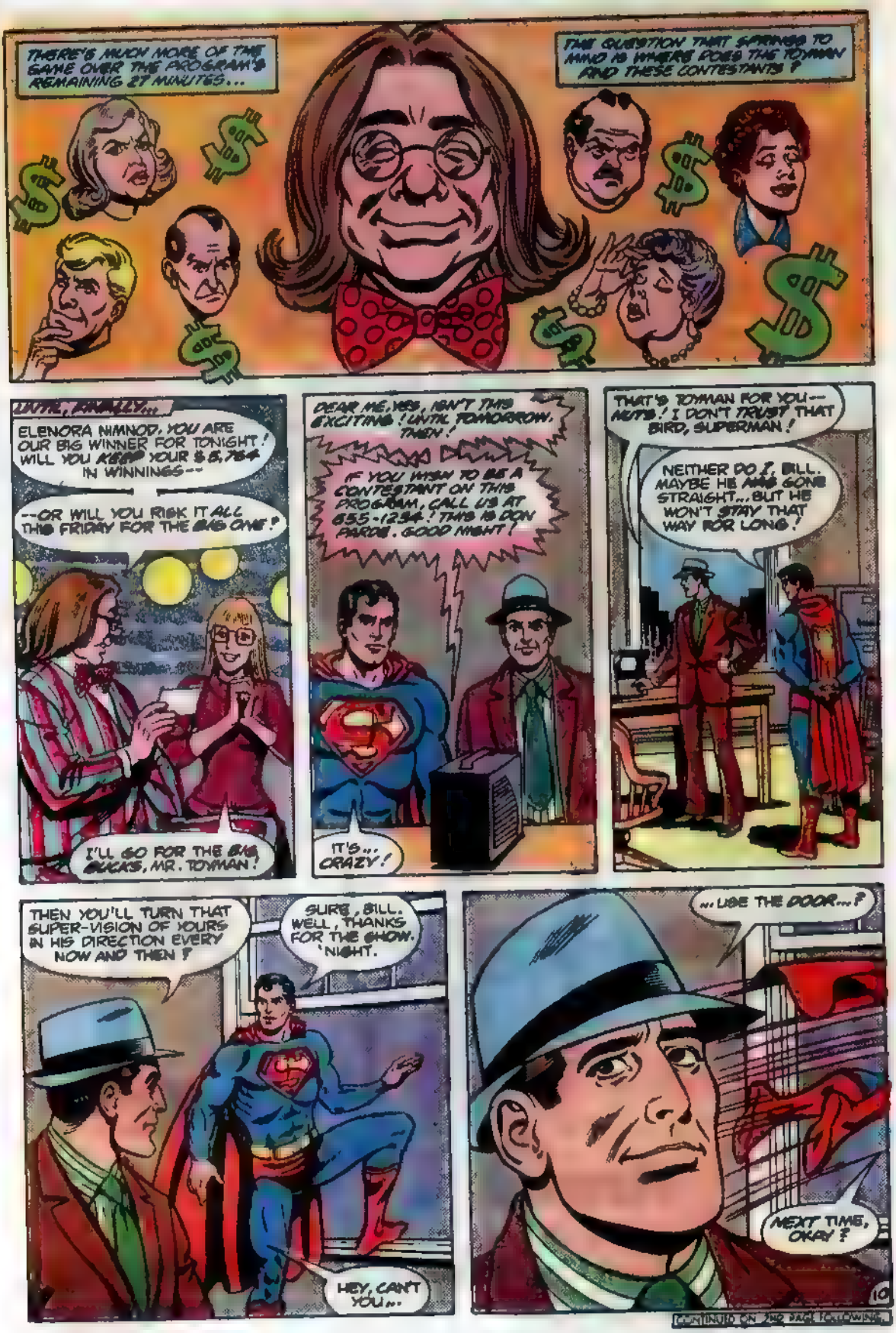
IT'S ABOUT TELEVISION, JOSH! I THOUGHT THAT AT LEAST WOULD GRAB YOUR ATTENTION!
REALLY? WOW! THE TOYMAN, HUH?
DAILY PLANET
8 P.M. TONIGHT! ON ALL MAJOR NETWORKS!
I THINK I'LL TAKE A CAMERA CREW AND GO ABOUT LANDING AN INTERVIEW!
OKAY... YOU ARE THE ASSOCIATE PRODUCER. WHEW! A MILLION BUCKS, HEY?
THE POWER OF THE PRESS IS PERSUASIVE-- ESPECIALLY TO A MAN WITH A TELEVISION SHOW TO PROMOTE!
AND SO, TWO HOURS LATER...
KRAMDEN TELETAPE STUDIOS
THE GREAT TOYMAN TRIVIA CONTEST
...OH, DEAR ME, YES, MR. KENT! I'VE GONE ABSOLUTELY AND UNEQUIVOCALLY STRAIGHT! INDEED I HAVE!
I'M JUST A HUMBLE TOY DESIGNER NOW.
--AND WOULD-BE MEDIA STAR?
CHUCKLE! WELL, YES, THAT TOO! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED MY OWN TELEVISION SHOW--
--AND NOW THAT I'VE THE MONEY TO INDULGE MYSELF, I THOUGHT, WHY NOT?
I PRESUME YOU KNOW MY TOY, COSMIC COMMANDO, HAS BURIED THOSE PRECIOUS CABBAGE PATCH THINGS IN SALES! YES, INDEED!
I NOW WISH TO SHARE THE WEALTH, AS IT WERE!
NOT ONLY HAVE I DONATED 25% OF MY PROFITS TOWARD UPGRADING THE PRISON SYSTEM...
...BUT NOW I WANT THE MASSES TO GET THEIRS!
THEN WHY IS YOUR SHOW'S CONTENT A SECRET, SIR?
YOU'LL HAVE TO CURB YOUR PRODIGIOUS CURIOSITY, MR. KENT! IT'S A SURPRISE!
5

OKAY, MR. SCHOTT, THAT'S IT. DID YOU GET IT ALL, GUS?
THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR!
A MOST DELIGHTFUL INTERVIEW, MR. KENT! I TRUST YOU'LL BE RUNNING IT TONIGHT... BEFORE MY SHOW PREMIERES?
THAT MILLION-DOLLAR PRIZE OF YOURS IS NEWS, MR. SCHOTT. YOU'VE GOT ME INTRIGUED!
MORE THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE, TOYMAN!
A BIT OF REFRESHMENT, MR. KENT?
SNAP!
HA HA! VERY INGENIOUS!
HIS HEARTBEAT HELD STEADY THROUGHOUT THE INTERVIEW! SCHOTT APPARENTLY HAS GONE STRAIGHT... SO WHY AM I SKEPTICAL?
VERY WELL, I'LL TELL YOU, YOUNG MAN... BUT YOU MUST KEEP IT STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL! I'VE BEEN THINKING OF OPENING A MUSEUM...
...DEDICATED TO ALL MY TOYS, FROM THE VERY FIRST UNTIL NOW!
SOUNDS LIKE IT OUGHT TO BE QUITE INTERESTING!
WELL, I HAVE TO BE GETTING BACK TO THE STATION. THANKS AGAIN FOR THE INTERVIEW.
OH, NO, THANK YOU! INDEED, YES! AND DO BE SURE TO WATCH ME TONIGHT!
BELIEVE ME, TOYMAN... I WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD!
WINSLOW P.
SCHOTT
DESPITE ALL EVIDENCE TO THE CONTRARY, CLARK KENT IS LEFT FEELING UNEASY.
AND WHEN CLARK IS UNEASY...
6

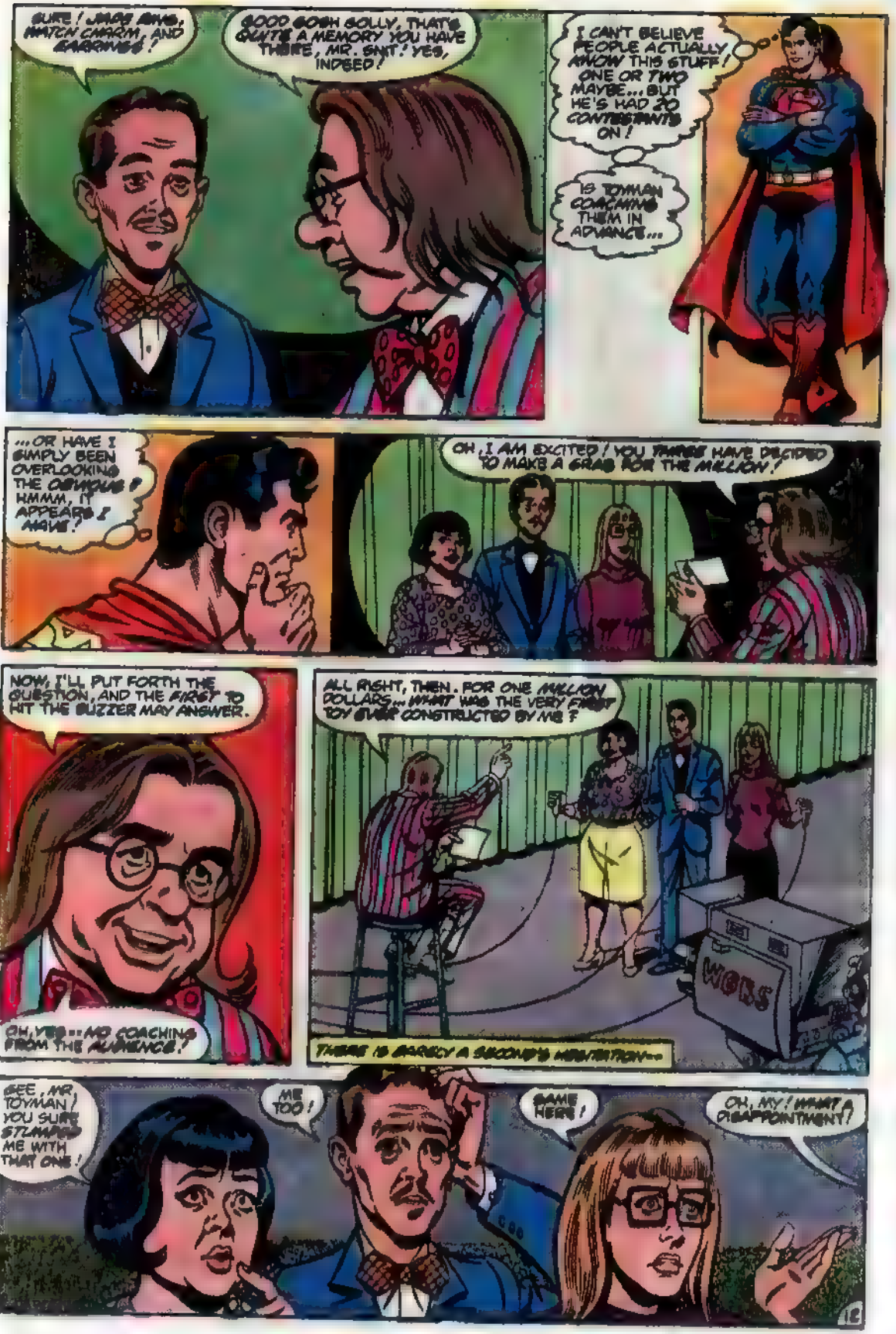

...CAN SUPERMAN BE FAR AWAY?
I SPENT THE WHOLE DAY RUNNING DOWN SCHOTT, AND HE REALLY HAS BEEN CLEAN SINCE HIS RELEASE!
HE SPENDS HIS DAYS IN A WORKSHOP AT HOME AND HIS TIE-IN WITH CAN-DO TOYS IS LEGITIMATE!
BUT PHILANTHROPY ISN'T TOYMAN'S STYLE... ALTHOUGH GRABBING FOR HEADLINES SURE IS!
EVENING, INSPECTOR HENDERSON. I THOUGHT YOU'D BE WATCHING THE SHOW. MIND IF I JOIN YOU?
SONOVAGUN--! SUPERMAN! DON'T YOU EVER COME IN THROUGH THE DOOR LIKE NORMAL PEOPLE?
SORRY, BILL. DIDN'T WANT TO MISS ANY OF THE SHOW.
YOU AND ME BOTH! I DON'T TRUST THAT ROLY-POLY LITTLE TWERP FARTHER THAN I CAN THROW HIM!
WHAT'S HIS GAME, DO YOU THINK?
I HAVEN'T QUITE FIGURED THAT OUT! TOYMAN CAN BE AWFULLY SLICK!
WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT HE'S GOT TO SAY FOR HIMSELF. IT'S STARTING...
TONIGHT! LIVE... FROM METROPOLIS... THE CHANCE TO WIN ONE MILLION DOLLARS...
G
SPECIAL PRESENTATION

...ON "THE GREAT TOYMAN TRIVIA CONTEST"!
AND NOW, HERE'S YOUR HOST FOR THE MILLION-DOLLAR CHANCE OF A LIFETIME...
"The Great Toyman Trivia Contest!"
...WINSLOW P. "TOYMAN" SCHOTT!
APPLAUSE
THANK YOU. THANK YOU, DON PARDE! WELCOME TO THE GREAT TOYMAN TRIVIA CONTEST, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! YOU ALL KNOW ME...
...PROVIDED YOU'VE SEEN MY WANTED POSTER IN THE POST OFFICE! HA HA! BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS, I'M MOST EXCITED ABOUT THIS SHOW. INDEED, YES, I AM!
WCBS
OVER THE NEXT FIVE NIGHTS, I SHALL BE CHALLENGING CONTESTANTS WITH QUESTIONS COVERING BUT A SINGLE SUBJECT... ME!
THE CONTESTANTS WITH THE HIGHEST SCORES AT THE END OF THE WEEK WILL BE ELIGIBLE FOR THE GRAND ONE-MILLION-DOLLAR PRIZE...
...AND ALL THEY NEED DO TO WIN IT IS ANSWER A SINGLE QUESTION! SOUNDS EXCITING! OH, MY, YES!

NOW, THEN, LET US BEGIN! OUR FIRST CONTESTANT IS MR. FRANKIE BRISBANE!
MR. FRANKIE BRISBANE...COME ON DOWN!
YEA! CLAP CLAP! TWEET! CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP! YEA!
MR. BRISBANE IS A USED CAR SALESMAN, AND HIS HOBBIES ARE READING LIBRARY BOOKS, WALKING HIS SCHNAUZER...AND STUDYING THE TOYMAN!
SO VERY NICE TO MEET YOU, SIR!
IS IT TRUE YOU LIKE TO STUDY MY LIFE, MR. BRISBANE?
YOU BET I DO! I GOT THREE SCRAPBOOKS ON YOUR LIFE OF CRIME!
EX-LIFE, MY GOOD MAN! NOW--LET US PLAY "THE GREAT TOYMAN TRIVIA CONTEST"! FOR $100--
--WHAT WAS THE FIRST ROBBERY I EVER PULLED--AND HOW?
THAT'S EASY! YOU ROBBED A BANK WITH TOY SOLDIERS AND TEAR GAS!
THAT IS CORRECT, FRANKIE! DEAR ME, INDEED, YES!
I'M REALLY ROLLING, HUH, TOYMAN?
YOU WERE BORN FOR "SHOW BIZ," MR. BRISBANE!
TOYMAN TRIVIA CONT
FRANKIE
#1
$100.
FRANKIE


THERE'S MUCH MORE OF THE GAME OVER THE PROGRAM'S REMAINING 27 MINUTES...
THE QUESTION THAT SUPPLIES TO MIND IS WHERE DOES THE TOYMAN AND THESE CONTESTANTS ?
UNTIL, FINALLY...
ELENORA NIMNOD, YOU ARE OUR BIG WINNER FOR TONIGHT ! WILL YOU KEEP YOUR $ 5,754 IN WINNINGS--
--OR WILL YOU RISK IT ALL THIS FRIDAY FOR THE BIG ONE ?
I'LL GO FOR THE BIG BUCKS, MR. TOYMAN !
DEAR ME, YES, ISN'T THIS EXCITING ! UNTIL TOMORROW, THEN !
IF YOU WISH TO BE A CONTESTANT ON THIS PROGRAM, CALL US AT 655-1234 ! THIS IS DON PARDUE. GOOD NIGHT !
IT'S... CRAZY !
THAT'S TOYMAN FOR YOU -- NUTS ! I DON'T TRUST THAT BIRD, SUPERMAN !
NEITHER DO I, BILL. MAYBE HE HAS GONE STRAIGHT... BUT HE WON'T STAY THAT WAY FOR LONG !
THEN YOU'LL TURN THAT SUPER-VISION OF YOURS IN HIS DIRECTION EVERY NOW AND THEN ?
SURE, BILL. WELL, THANKS FOR THE SHOW. 'NIGHT.
HEY, CAN'T YOU...
...USE THE DOOR...?
NEXT TIME, OKAY ?
10
CONTINUED ON 2ND BACK FOLLOWING

EXCITEMENT MOUNTS OVER THE FOLLOWING DAYS ' ANYTHING WITH EVEN A MENTION OF TOYMAN'S NAME DISAPPEARS FROM BOOKSTORE AND LIBRARY SHELVES !
IT'S TOYMANIA ! THERE'D A MILLION BUCKS TO BE WON--
FOR A 20,000, MIRIAM BLANK... THE EXACT ADDRESS OF MY ONE-TIME #1 PALACE OF PLAY... ?
OHHH... UMMMM... ER... 12... ER, 1210... DEVON STREET... ?
HMM, YES.
BY MIDWEEK, THE WORLD IS AN EXPERT ON TOYMAN !
KRAMDEN TELETAPE STUDIOS
THE GREAT TOYMAN TRIVIA CONTEST
LEMME IN ! I KNOW EVERYTHING !
TAKE ME ! I EVEN KNOW HIS SHOE SIZE !
AND SO, WHEN FRIDAY ROLLS AROUND...
CAN YOU NAME THE THREE OBJECTS I STOLE IN SEARCH OF A SECRET MAD, MR. ONIT ?
IF HE GETS THIS ONE, HE'LL BE ELIGIBLE FOR THE GRAND PRIZE !

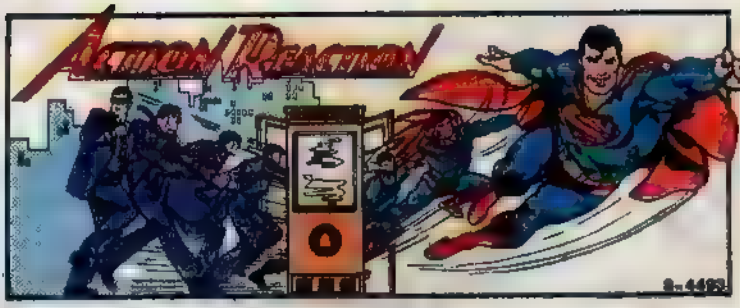

SURE! JACK ANVIL, MATCH CHARM, AND EARRINGS!
GOOD GOSH GOLLY, THAT'S QUITE A MEMORY YOU HAVE THERE, MR. SNIT! YES, INDEED!
I CAN'T BELIEVE PEOPLE ACTUALLY KNOW THIS STUFF! ONE OR TWO MAYBE... BUT HE'S HAD 20 CONTESTANTS ON!
IS TOYMAN COACHING THEM IN ADVANCE...
...OR HAVE I SIMPLY BEEN OVERLOOKING THE OBVIOUS? HMMM, IT APPEARS I HAVE!
OH, I AM EXCITED! YOU THREE HAVE DECIDED TO MAKE A GRAB FOR THE MILLION!
NOW, I'LL PUT FORTH THE QUESTION, AND THE FIRST TO HIT THE BUZZER MAY ANSWER.
OH, YES... NO COACHING FROM THE AUDIENCE!
ALL RIGHT, THEN. FOR ONE MILLION DOLLARS... WHAT WAS THE VERY FIRST TOY EVER CONSTRUCTED BY ME?
WOW
THERE IS BARELY A SECOND'S HESITATION...
SEE, MR. TOYMAN! YOU SURE STUMPED ME WITH THAT ONE!
ME TOO!
SAME HERE!
OH, MY! WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT!
12

BUT, REALLY, I MUST GIVE AWAY THIS MILLION DOLLARS IF ANYONE KNOWS THE ANSWER, I CAN AWARD IT TO HIM! ANYBODY? HMMM?
THERE ARE STARTLED GASPS THROUGHOUT THE STUDIO AS THE SELF-STYLED TOYMAN MAVENS SEARCH THEIR MINDS FOR AN ANSWER.
ONE OF THEIR NUMBER DOESN'T EVEN HAVE TO STOP AND THINK!
TOYMAN! OVER HERE! I GOT IT! I GOT IT!
OH, ISN'T THAT GRAND! I'VE WINGS UPON MY FEET, SIR!
AND WHAT, SIR, IS THE ANSWER?
A TOY AIR-O-PLANE MADE OF BALSA WOOD AND PAINTED RED AND BLUE!
MARVELOUS! THAT IS ONE HUNDRED PERCENT CORRECT! YOU WIN--
--AND THAT, ALAS, IS ALL THE TIME WE HAVE! THANK YOU EVER SO MUCH FOR WATCHING THE GREAT TOYMAN TRIVIA CONTEST!
HEY! LEGGO!
BYE NOW!
WAIT! THE WAY THOSE TOYS GRABBED THAT MAN--!
I KNOW THERE WAS SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THIS SETUP...
...BUT I NEVER FIGURED IT WOULD BE TO GIVE A MILLION DOLLARS AWAY...
...AND THEN ANOINT THE WINNER! UH-OH, THEY'VE ALREADY GONE!
THE MAN OF STEEL SEARCHES THROUGH THE CROWDED THEATER AS BEST HE CAN--
13
CONTINUED ON 3 BY DAS TOLEDWINK

--MINUTES, OUTSIDE...
ALL RIGHT, CHESTER Y. PLANKOLTZ, YOU CAN STOP HIDING YOUR FACE NOW! I KNOW WHO YOU ARE!
G-GET THESE CRAZY THINGS AWAY FROM ME!
NOT TILL YOU GIVE ME BACK MY TOY!
ARE YOU OUTTA YOUR SKULL, WIN-WHAT TOY?!
THIS IS GETTING VERY AWKWARD, CHESTER! DO I HAVE TO TELL YOUR MOTHER?
NO... DON'T DO THAT, WINSLOW! C'MON!
AWW! FORTY YEARS HASN'T CHANGED YOU! YOU'RE STILL A CRYBABY! NOW GIMME MY TOY!
B-BUT... WINNIE! WE'RE PALS, AIN'T WE?
WE WERE CHUMS, CHESTER! BUT YOU MADE MOST CERTAIN THAT THOSE PRECIOUS CHILDHOOD YEARS SPENT TOGETHER MEANT NOTHING!
I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT DAY, THAT LOVELY SUMMER DAY...
"...WHEN YOU WERE THE ONLY PERSON I PROUDLY DISPLAYED MY CREATION TO--THE NOVELTY'S FIRST TOY!"
WOW! THAT'S REALLY SOMETHIN', WINNIE! WHERE'D YOU GET IT? STEAL IT?
'COURSE NOT! I MADE IT!
AW, C'MON! FIND IT IN A STREET?
14

I TOL' YOU, I MADE IT! I ...HEY! GIMME BACK MY BI PLANE!
GAWDDLUP, AUNT! DIDN'TCHA KNOW TODAY'S MY BIRTHDAY...
...AN' YOU JUST GIMME A PRESENT! HA HA!
COME BACK HERE, CHESTER DUNHOLTZ! I'LL TELL YOUR MOTHER!
"BUT THAT WAS THE LAST I EVER SAW OF YOU, CHESTER...AND MY BELOVED TOY! SOON AFTER, YOU MOVED...
--BUT I NEVER FORGOT! I WANT MY TOY BACK, CHESTER, OR I SWEAR--
--I'LL DO MORE THAN JUST TELL YOUR MOTHER!
C-C'MON, WINNIE! I... I AIN'T AFRAID OF A BUNCHA TOYS!
BUT YOU OUGHT TO BE, CHESTER, OLD FRIEND...
"...YOU MOST CERTAINLY OUGHT TO BE! HA HA!"
CHESTER X DUNHOLTZ CAN ONLY SCREAM IN TERROR...
BOOM!
--WHICH IS PROBABLY THE ONLY SMART THING HE'S EVER DONE IN HIS LIFE!
DID I HEAR SOMEONE CALL?
RAT-A-TAT-TAT-A-TAT
OH... SUPERMAN! DEAR ME!

HOW COME YOU HAVEN'T WHIPPED OUT ANY OF YOUR ANTI-SUPERMAN TOYS FOR THIS CAPER, SCHOTT?
CRUNCH!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING, YOU BARBAROUS BRUTE!? MY TOYS!
KRAK!
THIS IS A PERSONAL MATTER, YOU LUMMOX! HE TOOK MY TOY AND I WANT IT BACK!
I FIGURED THE LURE OF $1,000,000 WOULD BRING THIS... THIS BELOW OUT IN THE OPEN AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!
YOU'RE NUTS, SCHOTT! YOU TRIED TO... TO KILL ME FOR A TOY!?
NOT JUST "A TOY," YOU FOOL! THE TOY... THAT WILL ALLOW MY DREAM OF A TOYMAN MUSEUM TO COME TRUE! IT'S THE ONLY TOY I EVER MADE WHICH I DON'T HAVE!
HARHAR! THEN YER OUTTA LUCK, WINNIE! 'CAUSE I AIN'T GOT IT!
I THREW THAT HUNK'A BUSTED BALSA WOOD INNA TRASH LONG AGO! IT'S GONE, BOZO... GONE! SO, NYAHHH!
Y-YOU... WHAT...?! NO! NO!
WATCH IT, TOYMAN!
IT'S... SOB!... GONE! M-MY... VERY... FIRST...
YEAH, YAH RAVIN' LOON! AND THE KICKER IS, YOU STILL OWE ME THE MILLION SMACKERS FOR ANSWERIN' THE QUESTION RIGHT! HA HA!
GUESS AGAIN, MISTER!
TOYMAN DIDN'T USE REAL CONTESTANTS... ALL THOSE APPEARING ON THE SHOW WERE GIANT TOYS HE BUILT, PROGRAMMED WITH THE ANSWERS!
HUH?! Y-YOU... MEAN... THE GAME IS...?
NULL AND VOID, DUNHOLTZ! IT WAS RIGGED, THEREFORE INVALID!
GEE! WOTTA CRUMMY DEAL!
INDEED! YOU KNOW, CHESTER, I STILL SHOULD TELL YOUR MOTHER WHAT YOU DID!
AW, C'MON, WINNIE! DON'T DO THAT, OKAY?
A DEAL... IF YOU STOP CALLING ME "WINNIE"!
THE END
NEXT ISSUE: "THEIR MAGNETIC MAJESTIES--KING ALEXANDER & QUEEN BEE!"



DC Comics Inc.
666 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10103

Jenette Kahn, President and Publisher
Dick Giordano, Vice Pres.-Executive Editor
Julius Schwartz, Editor
E. Nelson Bridwell, Consulting Editor
Tom Condon, Managing Editor
Pat Bastienne, Editorial Coordinator
Bob Rozakis, Production Manager
Joe Orlando, Vice Pres.-Editorial Director
Paul Levitz, Vice Pres.-Operations
Bruce Bristow, Marketing Director
Arthur Gutowitz, Treasurer

Dear Julie and Bob,

I read and have already commented about the plan to return to the two-story format for *ACTION* and *SUPERMAN*. Now in issue #557 we get to see the first example of the new/old format. It's even better than I had hoped!

Terra-Man's playing around was just a so-so story, but it had a *fun* that has been sorely missing from this title for far too long. Paul Kupperberg threw in many of TM's old tricks to make the whole thing an enjoyable 16-page romp.

Bob Rozakis's Walter Winchell counterpart (Wendall Walters) made the best short *Superman* story since last year's annual! Anyway, this short story is one of the most enjoyable *Superman* tales in over 50 issues! It shows *Superman* at what he really does best, stopping crime and injustice or, as in this case, catching a crook he inadvertently helped escape long ago. I think things are looking up for *ACTION* once again. *Superman* works better in the shorter stories. Let's keep things that way.

JEF PECKHAM
503 Marlatt Hall
Kansas State University
Manhattan, KS 66506

Actually, we think Superman works best in a variety of story lengths—which is why you'll be seeing 8-, 16-, and 24-pagers in this magazine and in SUPERMAN!—BR

*****

Dear Editor,

The big news in #557 was ... was ... that you rotten guys gave us only one page of letters! (No, no, I must control myself. Start again.)

The big news in #557 was that there were 24 pages of story rather than the standard 23, or the reason why we had that extra page, namely the return of the back-up story to *ACTION*. (Oh, say, chaps, this means you only have one page of letters in the issue, you ... you ... Ahem. This seems hardly fair, my good fellows, so maybe you could return to the standard two ... soon.)

I suspect that this move had something to do with the frequent changes in writers we've seen recently—"frequently," certainly in relation to the Cary Bates years. This reduced workload should make it easier to have a regular writer or, conversely, easier to get fill-in (or rush) scripts from a nonregular. But it might have merits in and of itself. Firstly, it should give us a chance to see more of Bob Rozakis's work (a man I've previously called "the King of the Eight-Pagers"). Also, it would seem a good opportunity to give us short stories on the "*Superman Family*" (Jimmy Olsen, Lois Lane, Perry White, etc.) now that they have no regular spots of their own. This issue's story was a typical example of Rozakis's work: a nice slice of life with a lot of plot for the short length and a rather heartwarming conclusion.

As for the lead story, the best thing I can say about it is that the dependable Swan/Hunt art shone as usual. Sadly, it was not matched by the plot, which was a substandard go-round with the increasingly tiresome Terra-Man.

Say, here's an idea. Why not cut the lead to 15 pages? Then you could use the extra page for something else, like letters. Either that, or Bob could try for the title of "King of the Seven-Pagers." Sorry, Bob!

T. M. MAPLE
Box 1272, Station B
Weston, ONT M9L 2R9

We'll try to squeeze in that second page of letters whenever we can, T.M., but the 24-page total for art is dictated by other production requirements. By the way, since #557, I've done two 16-page stories and have a 24-pager coming up. Hope that doesn't affect my "title."—BR

*****

Dear Julie,

I have been a longtime fan of *Superman*, although I have never written before. I just finished reading *ACTION* #557 and really enjoyed it, so I thought I'd write and let you know.

I liked the old-time Western flavor of the "Artistic Thefts of Terra-Man" and the idea of having a town of robots to play with. Ah, if the robots were only mine!

Howard Bender's artwork in "Yesterday Once More" was great. He's a very graphic artist not afraid to be a little different. For example, the panel designs and shapes. To me, that always makes the story a little more interesting to follow. I also liked the idea of finding little pieces of *Superman's* past. I'll be looking forward to seeing more of Howard's artwork in the future.

COREY ANDERSON
3111 N. 20th St.
Arlington, VA 22201

Is issue #563 soon enough?—BR

*****

Dear Editors,

I usually don't take the time to write a fan letter but couldn't resist this time. I've been a *SUPERMAN* fan for years, and I just finished reading "Yesterday Once More." The story was great—especially for old *Superman* fans! The art was terrific—I really liked the panel on the bottom of page 5. I'm most impressed with Howard Bender's pencils—I've become a real fan of his!

SUE REICH
Cincinnati, OH 45239

*****

Dear Editor,

Time after time, Terra-Man has returned to plague the Metropolis Marvel, and each appearance has been sillier than the last.

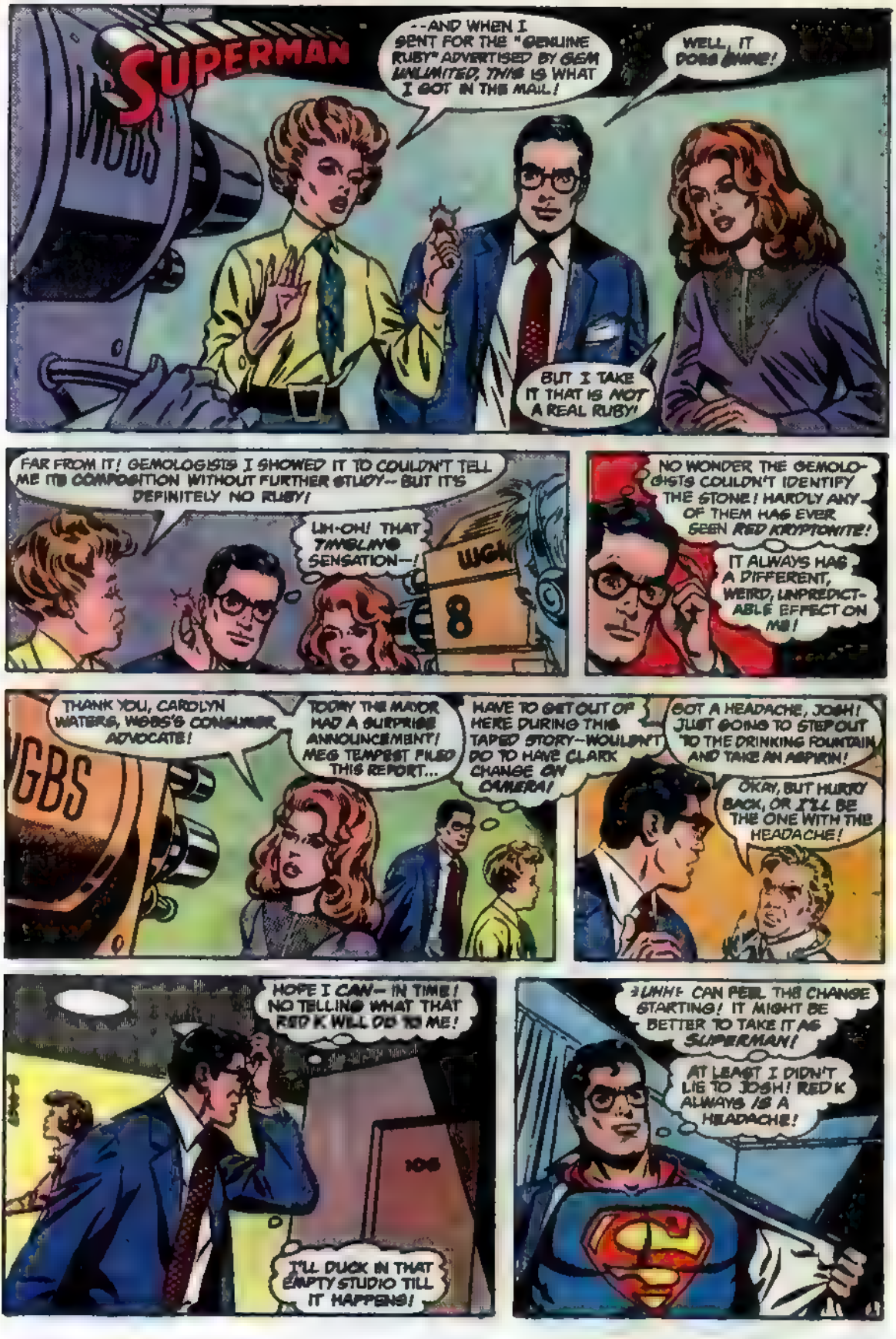
Does Metropolis have a Boot Hill?

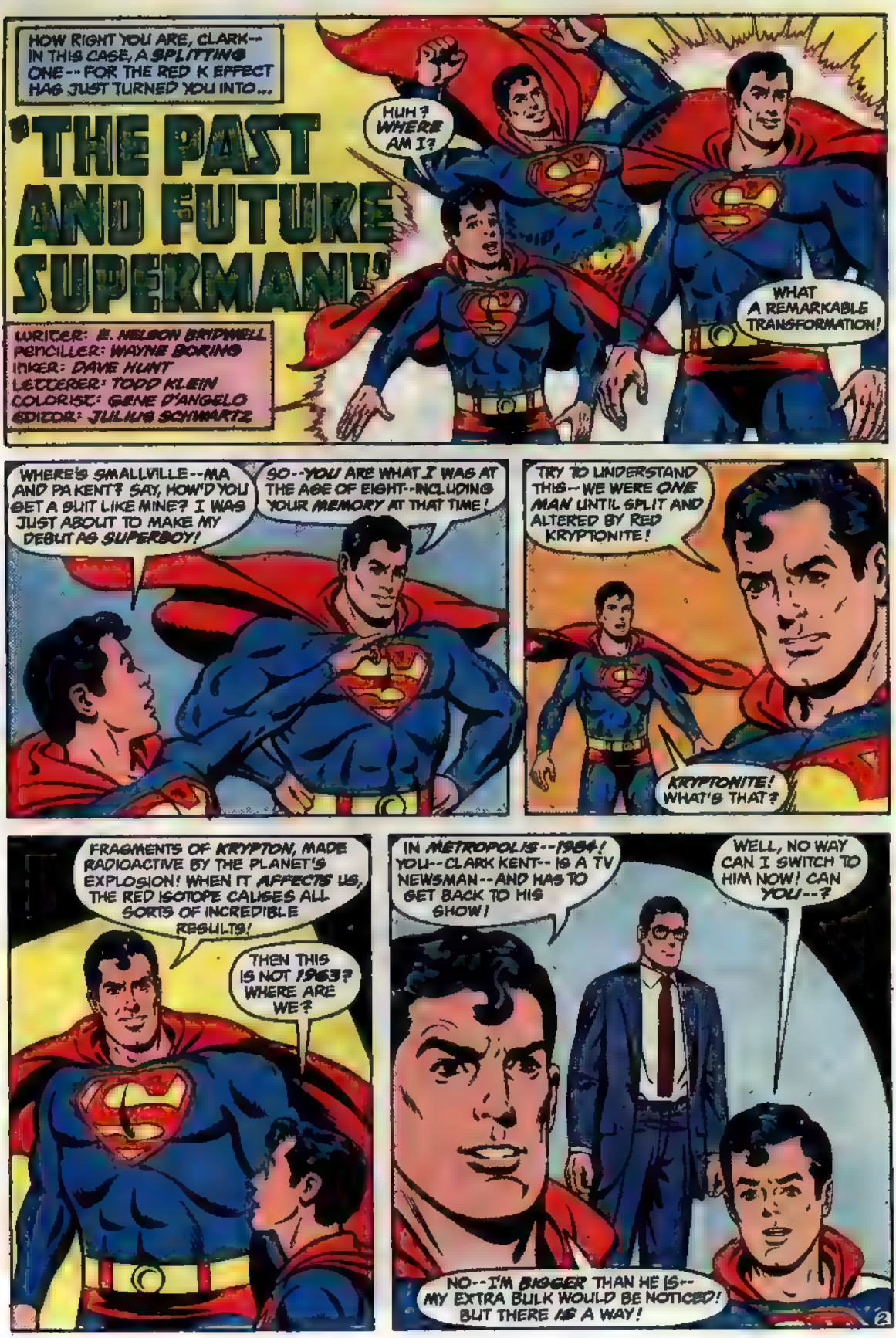
I liked the new format advertised in *ACTION* #557 because I think we'll really see some innovative stories of old—like "Yesterday Once More."

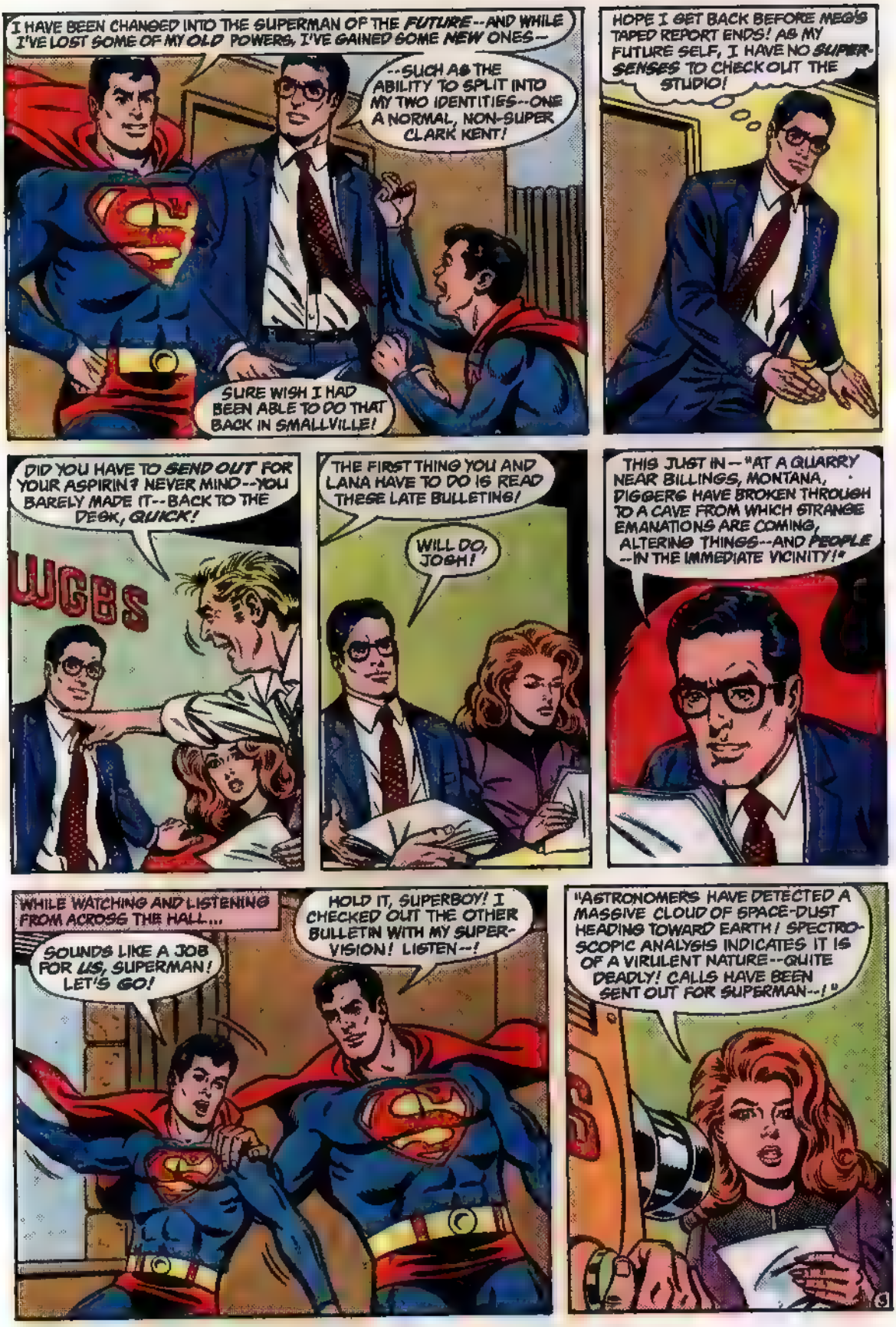
Solving a seven-year-old murder was a piece of cake for *Superman*, but it was so very cleverly done that I'm sure it must have been ghost-edited by the late, great *Mort Weisinger!*

JEFFREY LOWNDES
809 Sunset St.
Scranton, PA 18509

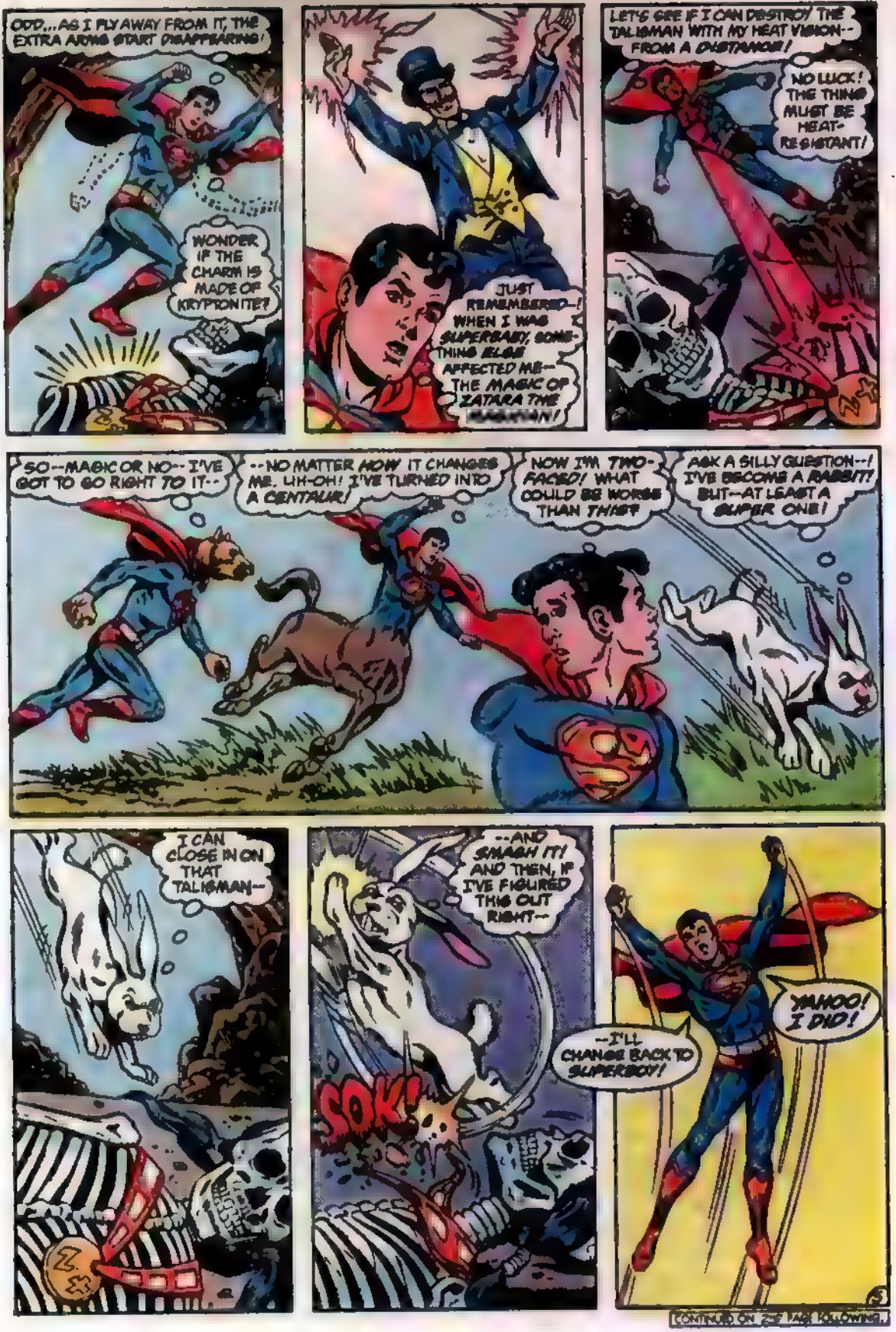
Julie and Mort were friends from boyhood, but editor Schwartz hasn't mentioned seeing any spectral Weisingers in his office. Still, Julie has been known to ask during a plotting session, "How would Mort do this?" Then he adds, "Now I'll do it better!"—Bob Rozakis


SUPERMAN
WGBS
--AND WHEN I SENT FOR THE "GENUINE RUBY" ADVERTISED BY GEM UNLIMITED, THIS IS WHAT I GOT IN THE MAIL!
WELL, IT DOES SHINE!
BUT I TAKE IT THAT IS NOT A REAL RUBY!
FAR FROM IT! GEMOLOGISTS I SHOWED IT TO COULDN'T TELL ME ITS COMPOSITION WITHOUT FURTHER STUDY-- BUT IT'S DEFINITELY NO RUBY!
UH-OH! THAT TWINKLING SENSATION--!
WGN
8
NO WONDER THE GEMOLOGISTS COULDN'T IDENTIFY THE STONE! HARDLY ANY OF THEM HAS EVER SEEN RED KRYPTONITE!
IT ALWAYS HAS A DIFFERENT, WEIRD, UNPREDICTABLE EFFECT ON ME!
THANK YOU, CARDLYN WATERS, WGBS'S CONSUMER ADVOCATE!
TODAY THE MAYOR HAD A SURPRISE ANNOUNCEMENT! MEG TEMPEST FILED THIS REPORT...
HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE DURING THIS TAPED STORY--WOULDN'T DO TO HAVE CLARK CHANGE ON CAMERA!
GOT A HEADACHE, JOSH! JUST GOING TO STEP OUT TO THE DRINKING FOUNTAIN AND TAKE AN ASPIRIN!
OKAY, BUT HURRY BACK, OR I'LL BE THE ONE WITH THE HEADACHE!
HOPE I CAN-- IN TIME! NO TELLING WHAT THAT RED K WILL DO TO ME!
106
I'LL DUCK IN THAT EMPTY STUDIO TILL IT HAPPENS!
UHH! I CAN FEEL THE CHANGE STARTING! IT MIGHT BE BETTER TO TAKE IT AS SUPERMAN!
AT LEAST I DIDN'T LIE TO JOSH! RED K ALWAYS IS A HEADACHE!


HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, CLARK--IN THIS CASE, A SPLITTING ONE--FOR THE RED K EFFECT HAS JUST TURNED YOU INTO...
"THE PAST AND FUTURE SUPERMAN!"
WRITER: E. NELSON BRIDWELL
PENCILLER: WAYNE BORING
INKER: DAVE HUNT
LETTERER: TODD KLEIN
COLORIST: GENE D'ANGELO
EDITOR: JULIUS SCHWARTZ
HUH? WHERE AM I?
WHAT A REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATION!
WHERE'S SMALLVILLE--MA AND PA KENT? SAY, HOW'D YOU GET A SUIT LIKE MINE? I WAS JUST ABOUT TO MAKE MY DEBUT AS SUPERBOY!
SO--YOU ARE WHAT I WAS AT THE AGE OF EIGHT--INCLUDING YOUR MEMORY AT THAT TIME!
TRY TO UNDERSTAND THIS--WE WERE ONE MAN UNTIL SPLIT AND ALTERED BY RED KRYPTONITE!
KRYPTONITE! WHAT'S THAT?
FRAGMENTS OF KRYPTON, MADE RADIOACTIVE BY THE PLANET'S EXPLOSION! WHEN IT AFFECTS US, THE RED ISOTOPE CAUSES ALL SORTS OF INCREDIBLE RESULTS!
THEN THIS IS NOT 1963? WHERE ARE WE?
IN METROPOLIS--1984! YOU--CLARK KENT--IS A TV NEWSMAN--AND HAS TO GET BACK TO HIS SHOW!
WELL, NO WAY CAN I SWITCH TO HIM NOW! CAN YOU--?
NO--I'M BIGGER THAN HE IS--MY EXTRA BULK WOULD BE NOTICED! BUT THERE IS A WAY!
2


I HAVE BEEN CHANGED INTO THE SUPERMAN OF THE FUTURE--AND WHILE I'VE LOST SOME OF MY OLD POWERS, I'VE GAINED SOME NEW ONES--
--SUCH AS THE ABILITY TO SPLIT INTO MY TWO IDENTITIES--ONE A NORMAL, NON-SUPER CLARK KENT!
SURE WISH I HAD BEEN ABLE TO DO THAT BACK IN SMALLVILLE!
HOPE I GET BACK BEFORE MEG'S TAPED REPORT ENDS! AS MY FUTURE SELF, I HAVE NO SUPER-SENSES TO CHECK OUT THE STUDIO!
DID YOU HAVE TO SEND OUT FOR YOUR ASPIRIN? NEVER MIND--YOU BARELY MADE IT--BACK TO THE DESK, QUICK!
WGBS
THE FIRST THING YOU AND LANA HAVE TO DO IS READ THESE LATE BULLETINS!
WILL DO, JOSH!
THIS JUST IN--"AT A QUARRY NEAR BILLINGS, MONTANA, DIGGERS HAVE BROKEN THROUGH TO A CAVE FROM WHICH STRANGE EMANATIONS ARE COMING, ALTERING THINGS--AND PEOPLE --IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY!"
WHILE WATCHING AND LISTENING FROM ACROSS THE HALL...
SOUNDS LIKE A JOB FOR US, SUPERMAN! LET'S GO!
HOLD IT, SUPERBOY! I CHECKED OUT THE OTHER BULLETIN WITH MY SUPER-VISION! LISTEN--!
"ASTRONOMERS HAVE DETECTED A MASSIVE CLOUD OF SPACE-DUST HEADING TOWARD EARTH! SPECTROSCOPIC ANALYSIS INDICATES IT IS OF A VIRULENT NATURE--QUITE DEADLY! CALLS HAVE BEEN SENT OUT FOR SUPERMAN--!"

AT YOUR AGE, YOU'VE HAD LITTLE EXPERIENCE IN SPACE -- SO YOU HANDLE THE MONTANA MENACE!
CHECK, SUPERMAN! WITH ALL YOUR POWERS, DESTROYING THAT CLOUD WILL BE A CINCH FOR YOU!
I TRUST IT WILL! BUT YOU BE CAREFUL ON YOUR MISSION!
SURE--BUT WHAT COULD HURT ME? I'M INVULNERABLE!
MERE SECONDS LATER, IN MONTANA...
LOOKS LIKE I'VE FLOWN INTO A NIGHTMARE! WHAT COULD HAVE CAUSED THESE CREATURE-CHANGES?
THAT CAVE THEY BROKE INTO--MY X-RAY VISION SHOWS IT'S SOME KIND OF INDIAN BURIAL VAULT.
AND THAT AMULET AT THE SKELETON'S NECK--IT'S GLOWING! HE MUST HAVE BEEN A SHAMAN--AND THAT THING CAUSED ALL THE TROUBLE!
BUT AS THE BOY OF STEEL STARTS TOWARD THE ANCIENT CAVERN...
YIPE! I HAVE FOUR ARMS! SOMEHOW THAT TALISMAN AFFECTS EVEN ME!


ODD...AS I FLY AWAY FROM IT, THE EXTRA ARMS START DISAPPEARING!
WONDER IF THE CHARM IS MADE OF KRYPTONITE?
JUST REMEMBERED--! WHEN I WAS SUPERBABY, SOMETHING ELSE AFFECTED ME--THE MAGIC OF ZATARA THE [illegible]!
LET'S SEE IF I CAN DESTROY THE TALISMAN WITH MY HEAT VISION--FROM A DISTANCE!
NO LUCK! THE THING MUST BE HEAT-RESISTANT!
SO--MAGIC OR NO--I'VE GOT TO GO RIGHT TO IT--
--NO MATTER HOW IT CHANGES ME, UH-OH! I'VE TURNED INTO A CENTAUR!
NOW I'M TWO-FACED! WHAT COULD BE WORSE THAN THIS?
ASK A SILLY QUESTION--! I'VE BECOME A RABBIT! BUT--AT LEAST A SUPER ONE!
I CAN CLOSE IN ON THAT TALISMAN--
--AND SMASH IT! AND THEN, IF I'VE FIGURED THIS OUT RIGHT--
SOK!
--I'LL CHANGE BACK TO SUPERBOY!
YAHOO! I DID!
5
CONTINUED ON PAGE FOLLOWING

GUEST MEANWHILE

THE F.M.M. AND THE NEW DC
or
Oh! Say Can DC?
Yes, they certainly can!

I am a member of one of the fastest-growing special-interest groups in the world. Although we are legion (honorary, anyway), and our members are everywhere, you have probably never heard of us. We do not lobby in Congress; we do not march in the streets. We do not even hold organized meetings (or unorganized ones, either). Still, whether you know it or not, many of your friends and acquaintances belong to our organization. If you are lucky, you might, too. We are the F.M.M.—the Former Marvelite Maximuses. We believe that for the first time in twenty years, DC comics are the most exciting, most original, most entertaining comics to be found anywhere. Following is a short history of the F.M.M., and the quest that brought us into being.

We used to live in a hotel called the House of Ideas, which, while not exactly dilapidated, had certainly seen better days. We moved out when O. Riginality, the guy who built the place, disappeared under unexplained circumstances. Some of the tenants whispered that he had died several years ago of neglect. Some other tenants insisted that that was nonsense, and that the old guy was still alive and well. However, the only evidence of Mr. Riginality's continued existence that they could turn up turned out to be rehashes and reprints. We missed our old friend a great deal, and wanted to go look for him, but some of us were reluctant to leave the old House of Ideas, our home ever since we had emigrated to the wonderful and mysterious, sometimes frightening, world of Four Colors. However, when the management began serving us mutants at every meal (and nothing but leftovers and little mutant mini-series for between-meal snacks), we realized that our loyalty was misplaced. We packed our polyethylene bags, said "excelsior" to friends who were too complacent to join us, and went on a quest for O. Riginality.

There followed a long and tedious journey through the Saddle Stitched Desert. The place was certainly more populous than it had been the last time we saw it. There were hundreds of four-color houses, and across the tracks, several black-and-white ones. Our hopes were high that O. Riginality would be around there somewhere. But, after knocking on every single door, and even going inside and searching several of the dwellings, we found nothing to suggest that our missing friend had been anywhere near that desert. We were beginning to despair of ever seeing him again.

Then one day, as we were nearing the edge of the desert, we spotted a man in blue, with what seemed to be horns atop his head, carrying a trident.

"Beware," one of the travelers whispered, "we may be nearing the Devilish Competition." The Devilish Competition! We had been warned to stay away from them by the staff and management of the House of Ideas. Some of our group were frightened and ready to turn back, but the rest of us had noticed a gleam in the Blue Devil's eyes, a gleam that could only have been put there by our old friend. We called it the spark of O. Riginality. Barely able to contain our excitement, we followed his hoofprints.

Before long, we saw it—a great, beautiful, four-color castle standing alone. Some of the F.M.M.s said it was the Emerald City, some said Amethyst. None of us stopped to argue about it, we all ran inside. The run left us winded, but the wondrousness of the inside of the castle completely took our breath away. The first thing we noticed was the whiteness of the walls; they were the whitest we had ever seen anywhere. And on those walls, you wouldn't believe it, the kind of pictures Michelangelo painted in his dreams. The artists' signatures—Colan, Kane, Kubert, and Carmine Infantino, Pérez and Garcia-Lopez—read like a roll call of the legends. We just stood there, flabbergasted. Why, we must be in El Dorado Jr., the legendary second golden age.

Boom!

A chain of dynamite brand-new concepts went off nearby. We could hardly believe our ears. We hadn't heard that joyful sound in years. We did not have much time to sit and listen to it, though. Just then, a stampede of wild, exciting plots, and small but intense subplots, came barreling through the street. We had to scramble to keep from being completely bowled over.

"Hey, this El Dorado Jr. place looks like it might be dangerous," somebody said as we brushed ourselves off.

"Oh, I think we'll be safe enough," somebody else said. We looked around and saw several colorful and heroic-looking men and women patrolling the streets, skies, and waterways. "It would seem that there are Titans in these days."

We soon noticed that it wasn't just Titans, but many, many other heroes as well. Each one was completely individual and looked as though it had fascinating stories to tell. The handiwork of our old friend was obvious. Even the older characters had gotten a face-lift, and looked so young and fresh we hardly recognized them.

"O. Riginality is around here, that's for sure." We reluctantly tore ourselves away from the marvelous artwork and the captivating characters and went to look for him. We had to watch our step crossing the streets, because there were no red lights or stop signs, or even yield signs.

"I guess there's no stopping them now," we told ourselves.

As we walked along, we came across several familiar faces, people we hadn't seen in years. We asked them where Mr. Riginality was. They led us to the top of a tall mountain called Exclamation Point. Our old friend was up there, busier than we'd ever seen him. We were extremely glad to see him. He told us that he was the founder and president of the community we had thought was El Dorado Jr., but he called it the new DC. There were hundreds of pretty laurels around his office, but you could tell that none of them had been rested on. He held our attention for hours as he told us of his plans for the future. We told him how wonderful it all sounded, and asked him if we could stay with him there at the new DC.

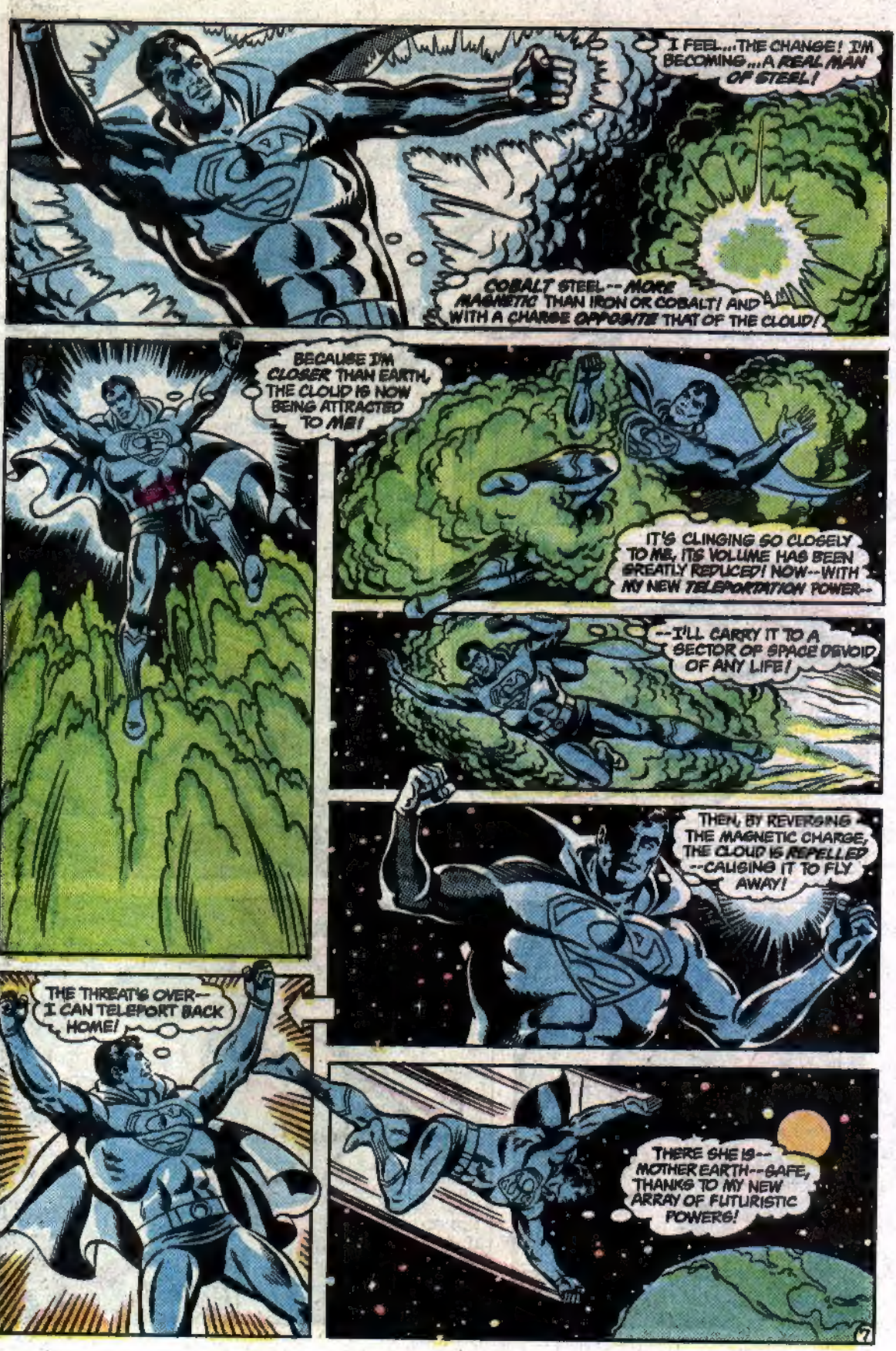
"Sure," O. Riginality said, smiling, "glad to have you. In fact, I'll show you to your rooms right now. You must be tired from your journey. Besides, it's getting late."

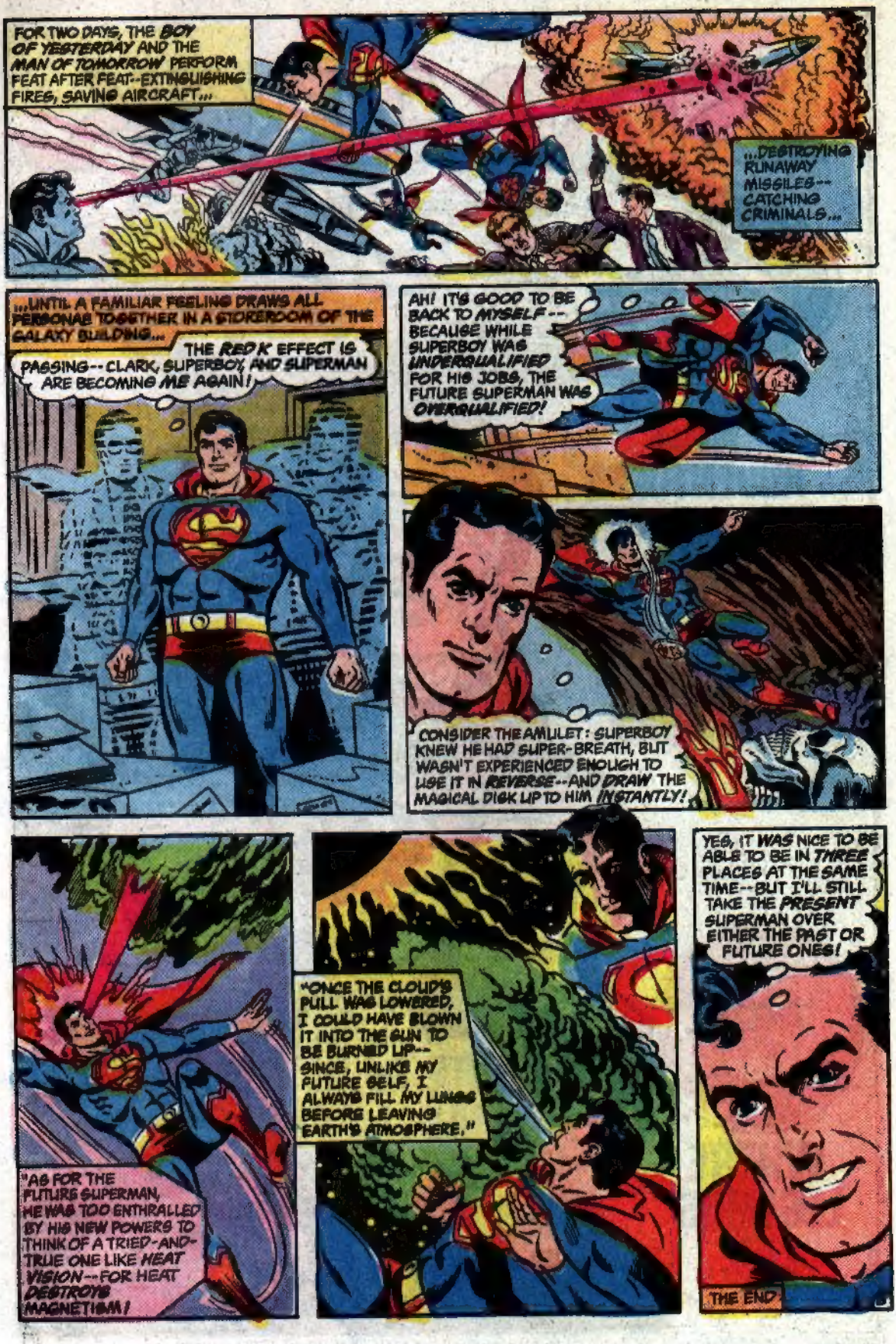
"What time is it?" we asked.

"Why, it's the DC age," he said with a wink, "nuff said?"

Robert Loy
178 Braly Dr.
Summerville, SC 29483

AND, OUT IN THE DEPTHS OF SPACE, THE FUTURE SUPERMAN HAS REACHED THE KILLER CLOUD...
UP CLOSE, I CAN SEE WHAT IS CAUSING IT TO MOVE SO SWIFTLY TOWARD EARTH! IT'S COMPOSED OF HIGHLY MAGNETIZED PARTICLES WHICH ARE ATTRACTED TO EARTH'S MAGNETIC FIELD!
AND IT'S EVERY BIT AS DEADLY AS REPORTED! GOT TO WORK FAST... BEFORE IT REACHES OUR ATMOSPHERE!
LUCKILY, I HAVE A FUTURISTIC POWER THAT MIGHT DO THE TRICK! I'LL HURL ELECTRICAL BOLTS AT THE CLOUD, CAUSING IT TO REVERSE ITS CHARGE AND BE REPELLED!
WELL, I'LL TRANSMUTE THE CLOUD INTO A HARMLESS SUBSTANCE!
IT DIDN'T WORK! THERE'S SOME SORT OF FIELD AROUND THE CLOUD THAT REPULSES MY BOLTS!
ANOTHER POWER FAILURE! THE CLOUD RESISTS WHATEVER I THROW AT IT!
ONE LAST CHANCE--SURE TO WORK, BUT NOT SO SURE IT WON'T DOOM ME!
STILL--FOR THE SAKE OF BILLIONS OF HUMAN LIVES, IT MUST BE DONE!


I FEEL...THE CHANGE! I'M BECOMING...A REAL MAN OF STEEL!
COBALT STEEL--MORE MAGNETIC THAN IRON OR COBALT! AND WITH A CHARGE OPPOSITE THAT OF THE CLOUD!
BECAUSE I'M CLOSER THAN EARTH, THE CLOUD IS NOW BEING ATTRACTED TO ME!
IT'S CLINGING SO CLOSELY TO ME, ITS VOLUME HAS BEEN GREATLY REDUCED! NOW--WITH MY NEW TELEPORTATION POWER--
--I'LL CARRY IT TO A SECTOR OF SPACE DEVOID OF ANY LIFE!
THEN, BY REVERSING THE MAGNETIC CHARGE, THE CLOUD IS REPELLED --CAUSING IT TO FLY AWAY!
THE THREAT'S OVER--I CAN TELEPORT BACK HOME!
THERE SHE IS--MOTHER EARTH--SAFE, THANKS TO MY NEW ARRAY OF FUTURISTIC POWERS!
7


FOR TWO DAYS, THE BOY OF YESTERDAY AND THE MAN OF TOMORROW PERFORM FEAT AFTER FEAT--EXTINGUISHING FIRES, SAVING AIRCRAFT...
...DESTROYING RUNAWAY MISSILES--CATCHING CRIMINALS...
...UNTIL A FAMILIAR FEELING DRAWS ALL PERSONAE TOGETHER IN A STOREROOM OF THE GALAXY BUILDING...
THE RED K EFFECT IS PASSING--CLARK, SUPERBOY, AND SUPERMAN ARE BECOMING ME AGAIN!
AH! IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK TO MYSELF--BECAUSE WHILE SUPERBOY WAS UNDERQUALIFIED FOR HIS JOBS, THE FUTURE SUPERMAN WAS OVERQUALIFIED!
CONSIDER THE AMULET: SUPERBOY KNEW HE HAD SUPER-BREATH, BUT WASN'T EXPERIENCED ENOUGH TO USE IT IN REVERSE--AND DRAW THE MAGICAL DICK UP TO HIM INSTANTLY!
"AS FOR THE FUTURE SUPERMAN, HE WAS TOO ENTHRALLED BY HIS NEW POWERS TO THINK OF A TRIED-AND-TRUE ONE LIKE HEAT VISION--FOR HEAT DESTROYS MAGNETISM!
"ONCE THE CLOUD'S PULL WAS LOWERED, I COULD HAVE BLOWN IT INTO THE SUN TO BE BURNED UP--SINCE, UNLIKE MY FUTURE SELF, I ALWAYS FILL MY LUNGS BEFORE LEAVING EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE."
YES, IT WAS NICE TO BE ABLE TO BE IN THREE PLACES AT THE SAME TIME--BUT I'LL STILL TAKE THE PRESENT SUPERMAN OVER EITHER THE PAST OR FUTURE ONES!
THE END